

Trapped in a Box

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Trapped in a Box

by [anonymousblue](#)

Summary

Shadow is touch-starved and unaware of it while both him and Sonic are accidentally caught in a tiny prison together.

Notes

First fanfic in my entire life and I am by no means a writer at all so there might be some wack grammar and OOC-ness ??? but hope u guys enjoy anyway

"Can't say I didn't warn you," Sonic snickers as he tries to pick himself up off of Shadow, only to quickly notice the tiny amount of wiggling room. He could somewhat prop himself up on his elbows, but their cube-shaped prison only allowed for maybe an inch of space between the agitated black hedgehog currently pinned beneath him.

"Warning me the moment we're caught doesn't really help us avoid this now does it hedgehog," Shadow counters irritably as he inspects the stainless steel walls he was kicking moments before.

"Hey, it's not my fault you didn't--" Sonic's dispute over the clanging of Shadow's heel slamming into a too near wall is interrupted when the container is lifted, rattling the two hedgehogs inside. Sonic catches himself with an "oomph" from falling face first into Shadow while said rival just braces against the flat sides of their claustrophobic prison. They were likely being taken to Eggman's base now if either of them had to strike a guess.

Meanwhile Shadow is quickly becoming very aware of two primary problems as he takes a moment to inspect whatever surroundings weren't obscured by Sonic's rather inconvenient head. Narrow holes riddled each face of the walls with Eggman's customary logo and were too thick to

kick through. Small lights embedded in seams gave tell that it wasn't a primitive jail, but unsurprisingly had other tactics of keeping their intended prisoner secure inside. And he was caught inside of it. This was issue number one.

Assessing the situation a little further, the striped rodent was currently on his back with his head wedged to the right to make room for Sonic's who was currently stuck hunched over him between ebony legs, peach elbows braced against the floor to the side of black quills. This was the second and more pressing issue if you asked Shadow.

The close proximity was... unnerving to say the least. He was mostly unused to any sort of physical contact that didn't include some sort of violence; in fact it had probably been months since he last had physical contact with someone in a manner that could be considered not unkind and prolonged. He's had very brief and friendly enough encounters he permitted with Omega and Rouge but nothing like this current situation. So Sonic being this close was...

"Shads?" Sonic questions, pulling the biohog out his mulling.

"Is your communicator working?" Shadow disregards and instead questions in an impatient tone as he narrows his scarlet eyes at the malfunctioning device on his own wrist.

Sonic lifts his elbow to inspect the communicator on his peach wrist only to shake his head no before remembering that it was too cramped to really see much in front of them, "nope, nothing. Is yours?" Sonic rests his hand next to Shadow's head again. Red eyes follow the action, something feeling tight in his chest.

Shadow maneuvers his arm back down between their chests and to his side to rest uselessly, trying to reduce the amount of touching "no." Which was a pointless endeavor with the way Sonic was practically lying on top of him in what probably looked like an embrace.

"Oh. Well if Egghead thinks he can keep us in here, he's in for a surprise," Sonic declares confidently before Shadow gives a quiet scoff.

"You think I haven't tried that?" Shadow quirks a brow-bone, eyeing the blue spines splayed behind Sonic against the too low ceiling; obviously thinking he could cut through their prison. Maybe it could be done if they were alone and had the space, but as it was they were crammed in a temporary jail meant for one hedgehog like sardines.

"But this is me we're talkin about," Sonic reminds and Shadow simply responds with an unimpressed stare. He's not expecting anything of it but the striped hedgehog is silently hopeful, especially with the way he could feel his rival's cocky smirk against his cheek and him talking into his neck. He was pressed flush against him and he was finding it increasingly more difficult to ignore how warm the cobalt hero was. There was also the hot breath fanning across his muzzle that was considerably distracting.

He was beginning to wonder if the doctor had installed some sort of poisonous gas feature. That would explain why he was slowly losing his focus over something as ridiculous as this... A glance at Sonic who is currently focused elsewhere told him that this was likely not the case though as the blue hedgehog looked perfectly fine; if poison was what they were dealing with Sonic would show symptoms first since Shadow had a tolerance built through his time on ARK.

A warning couldn't have prepared Shadow for when Sonic begins to move and push against the walls in what must have been an effort to see if he could cause some sort of damage, unintentionally rubbing against Shadow a few times. Shadow stiffens but doesn't move. His throat starting to feel constricted at the sight of Sonic leaning over him, but thankfully not paying him any

mind from what he could tell. He needed to get a hold of himself. Deciding to focus for the best moment to give a snarky remark on Sonic's lack of success, his plans are immediately foiled when his breath instead audibly hitches as a firm brush against his torso made his stomach flutter warmly.

"Stop your damn squirming, there's not enough room," Shadow barks before Sonic's movements could make the situation more severe.

"I think I can get us out though," Sonic dismisses and continues to focus on attempting to wedge his fingers in the seams of the walls unsuccessfully, gloved hands working behind his black quills "can't you move even a little outta the way?"

"Oh sure, let me just move over to some empty space for you," Shadow rolls his crimson eyes before shoving his counterpart arms away. Everything was feeling increasingly hot and Shadow's pulse was drumming.

Sonic gives a snort at his sarcasm and an odd look for Shadow's somewhat odd behavior before considering alternatives, "well can't you use chaos control or something?"

"...No, the doctor must have designed this trap to interfere with chaos energy as well," Shadow answers in a firm but strained tone. "Just sit still. Rouge should know that something is wrong by now and come find us if your fox friend doesn't."

"Okayokay, bossy," Sonic complies with pursed lips, and would have raised his hands defensively if it meant not falling face first into a white tuft of fur.

They shift and then stay put when their prison shakes, Sonic not mentioning how his elbows ached and Shadow looking progressively more agitated by the entire situation. The blue hero was pressed firmly against almost every inch of his dark torso and inside of his legs and it made his head swim and wouldn't let his pulse settle. Was Sonic always this warm? Behind that heavy smell of machinery, Shadow couldn't help but notice there was something distinctly Sonic: grass, sweat, ozone. He really, really needed out of this box; Sonic's presence was oppressive and--

"For the last time faker, stop moving--" Shadow snaps, forehead pinched as he felt his composure leave the prison without them.

"I'm not even moving!!"

"Yes. You are."

"It's the robot holding this thing, not me," Sonic explains quickly, bewildered as to why Shadow was taking his anger out at him. That's when their captor decides to take a different pace, the rattling of the prison becoming more exacerbated which seems to silence whatever retaliation Shadow had in mind to instead grit his teeth.

"Look--" Sonic starts without missing a beat- even if Shadow didn't seem to be paying attention anymore, his gaze unfocused and odd. Regardless Sonic continued, "it's not my fault we're in the situation and I dunno what your problem is but--"

Shadow swallows a sharp breathy gasp when the blue form is jostled closer beneath him. Judging from Shadow's expression, it seemed to equally surprise him as it does Sonic, who has stopped in his tracks to instead stare down, words forgotten.

"Uh Shads- are you okay?"

Mortification floods Shadow's veins and Shadow defaults into a defensive glare before biting out an "I'm fine." However the heat of the scowl is lost on an unconvinced Sonic as he inspects his rival for injuries and any possible causes for that noise while noting Shadow's almost embarrassed demeanor. Jade eyes curiously rove the tense black form straddled beneath him, watching with a blink as Shadow flinches as if he's been burned whenever Sonic accidentally grazed him with every shake of the miniature prison.

Shadow really regrets loaning the chaos emerald to Rouge because he would like nothing more at this moment to chaos control to Ark where no one could hear him die.

"What are you gawking at?" he finally snaps with a warm face in response to Sonic's gaze which seemed to strip Shadow of what little privacy he had left.

"Shadow, are you...?" Sonic begins with an unreadable look and rests his gloved palm on Shadow's knee which he hadn't even realized had been squeezing blue ribs, the black hedgehog flinching automatically and sucking in a shaky breath.

However Sonic is interrupted by a scuffle outside, and their prison being dropped unceremoniously with a loud clangor. There's the familiar noise of metal and gunfire until moments later there's silence. The two hedgehogs wait expectantly for what would come next until finally the ceiling slides away to reveal the sky, smoke from destroyed robots, and Rouge standing up from where she was fiddling with the prison's side panel.

"Hey boys," Rouge greets but before she can speak another word, Shadow warps away the instant the jail is rendered offline leaving Sonic and Rouge behind.

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